NATIONAL REVIEW

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April 19, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Spring Book Number

Kennan: Uncertain Trumpet

STEFAN T. POSSONY

Countdown for Publishers

WILLY LEY

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VICTOR WHITE · ROBERT PHELPS · FRANK CHODOROV

JAMES BURNHAM · J. A. LUKACS · WILLMOORE KENDALL

Anatomy of a Smear

L. BRENT BOZELL

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For the Record

The Liberal press in Britain, aghast at the landslide defeat of Lester Pearson in Canada, is telling Britons the Diefenbaker victory was the result of his campaign "against economic subordination [of Canada] to the U.S."....Nikolai Bulganin has fallen from No. 2 to No. 44 in the official photographs of the sixty-man Khrushchev Government.

The Washington Post which, unlike the Star and the News, failed to mention the Washington opening of the Assembly of Captive European Nations' memorable exhibition, "The Forty Year Record of Bolshevism," finally acknowledged its existence: it reported the attack on the Exhibition in Moscow's Trud....The University of California's Hastings College of Law has assembled one of the most distinguished faculties in the country, hiring only professors retired for reasons of age by other law colleges. Enrollment has jumped from 37 to 915 since World War II....Media Foundation, in New York, is giving a copy of Robert Morris' book No Wonder We Are Losing to every college library in the U.S.

Lawyers for Juan D. Perón will sue for the recovery of all his confiscated property next month—after Arturo Frondizi, who had Perón's support in the recent elections, takes office as President....Egypt is reported to have received three submarines from Communist Poland to add to the fleet of the new United Arab Republic.

Governor Meyner of New Jersey, Democratic Presidential hopeful, has been urged by his backers to guard against a primary day voting scandal in his state by deputizing special Attorneys General to watch the polls ....The American Jewish League Against Communism, Inc., ten years old this year, will give its annual award to Fulton Lewis Jr. at a luncheon in New York on May 5. Tickets ($7.50) can be had by writing directly to the League at 220 West 42 Street, New York 36, N.Y. Its president is George E. Sokolsky, vice president Roy M. Cohn, and executive director and secretary Rabbi Benjamin Schultz.

Quote of the week: Gilbert Cloonan, Superintendent of Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall, Pittsburgh, in cancelling a scheduled concert by Paul Robeson: "We don't think it's right to have a person in this hall who won't salute his country's flag."

NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● Sometimes we suspect that Dr. Linus Pauling—who has launched yet another campaign to stop the testing of nuclear weapons—does not read NATIONAL REVIEW.

● Mr. Drew Middleton reports in the *New York Times* that what the Conservative Party of Great Britain needs is a little less conservatism, because it is a fact that "the Center of politics in Britain is on its left." What about the disaffected Right, who have, by their widespread abstentions, cost the Conservative Party so dearly in recent by-elections? They'll be back at general election-time, Mr. Middleton says. Turning the Party leftward "involves a calculated risk of losing Right-wing votes. But the Right wing of the Conservative Party in Britain has nowhere to go. No matter how radical it may appear in mid-term, it invariably returns to the fold in a general election." Question: How to be left of the Conservative Party of Great Britain and still be right of the Labor Party?

● For his initial journey since assuming the Kremlin's double crown as simultaneous head of State and chief of Party, Nikita Khrushchev chose his ravaged Hungarian satrapy. At the huge Sztalinvaros steel plant—a deficit-ridden monument to statist economic insanity—Khrushchev delivered what at first glance seems an incredible speech (he later reversed himself) to the steel workers, who had made Sztalinvaros a memorable fortress of the November 1956 revolt. "You must not again depend on the Russians' coming to your assistance," the pudgy gangster told this audience of men who had fought the Russians to the last shred of desperation. "You must be tougher, so tough that the enemy will always be aware that the Hungarian working class will not waver for a single instant." The rules of Communist double-talk suggest the only possible explanation for the original statement: that these words were in reality addressed not to the workers but to the present leaders of the Hungarian Communist Party, whom Khrushchev was threatening with a merciless purge if they failed to keep their unreconciled subjects under strict control.

● Mr. Nehru, who has been having his highhanded way with Kashmir for years, steadfastly refusing the services of any mediator, whose probings would have the result of exposing his satellization of that country for what it is, has now turned his back on his beloved UN. Dr. Frank P. Graham (formerly President of the University of North Carolina, United States Senator, and fellow-traveler) suggested, in his role as United Nations mediator, a meeting between the prime ministers of India and Pakistan to talk about Kashmir. Mr. Nehru found the proposal "totally and absolutely unacceptable" because, to quote the news dispatch, "it amounted to placing an aggressor and an aggrieved on the same footing." Summit conferences are only for those on an equal moral footing, *e.g.*, the Soviet Union and the United States.

● Tuesday, April 15, is primary day in New Jersey, and Republican voters will have a chance to choose among three candidates for their Party's Senatorial nomination. Two of them are typical representatives of modern Republicanism. The third is Judge Robert Morris, of whom we have written much in the past months. In every sense, Morris is the underdog. One of his opponents is tacitly endorsed by the Eisenhower Administration; the other by the retiring Republican Senator and many organization politicians. Both have had a great deal of money at their disposal; Morris has run on a shoestring. Both have offered the voters the kind of undifferentiated optimism that is the distinguishing mark of evasive statesmanship, of modern Republicanism, of Eisenhower; Morris has appealed to the voters to understand that the world is in crisis, and that the only answer to that crisis is a disciplined moral response by free men. It will be interesting to note how he, and the country, fare on Tuesday.

● An official of the American Chemical Society has called attention to a hair-raising regulation due to go into force in New York State on September 1, 1958. Thenceforward, any person who applies to teach chemistry or physics in a public school must prove that he has taken twelve (term) hours of study in chemistry or physics, and *twenty-four hours* of education courses! In other words, that he has devoted twice as much attention to how to teach, as to what to teach. There is time to act, evidently. The State Board of Regents has the power to postpone, indefinitely, the implementation of this regulation, and will decide whether to do so when next it meets, on April 24. Opponents of the emptiness of progressive education have won significant victories in the past months, as the national vision focuses on the wasteland of the educationists. We've even got *Life* Magazine saying it; but now, having defined the objective, we must go into battle. April 24, Albany, N. Y., are the time and place of the first contest.

● In a vain attempt to persuade the government to grant privately-owned stores equal rights with nationalized stores, Poland's "loyal opposition" (the

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twelve-man non-Party deputation in Parliament) argued that if a private store and a nationalized store were permitted to operate "side by side under identical conditions," surely the natural superiority of "socialized trade" could be demonstrated to the customers. But the government, brooding perhaps over the upsetting prosperity which hit Poland's farms when collectivized land was sold back to private farmers, was implacable: it announced that "private stores in socialized towns would offend the eye." Thus establishing—let those who believe Communism is materialistic note it well—that the true Communist prefers beauty to wealth.

The grand jury called to investigate the tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has three weeks to live. Sixty weeks have gone by since it was last convened to hear evidence.

● We mourn the death of Lord Percy of Newcastle. He it was who caught up in a single phrase, for all conservatives everywhere, the spirit of modern politics: its essence, he insisted, is "to make the rights of property forever insecure." He it was, in the context of a lifetime of service to British conservatism, who dared to believe that there is a conservative solution to the colonial problem. He it was, as a political theorist, who dared most in believing that self-government is possible without the horrors of mass democracy. His *Heresy of Democracy* (Regnery, 1955) should be on every conservative's book shelf, and should be taken down and reread whenever any conservative doubts that there is true courage and true brilliance on our side.

● The super-theatrical "Walk for Peace" expeditions which set out from Philadelphia, New Haven and Westport (L.I.) to converge on the United Nations flopped. The marchers had an obliging press, which immortalized their every blister, poster ("Atom Tests Kill and Deform Both Living and Unborn") and committee (The Lower Bucks County Committee for a Humane Nuclear Policy). But the whole thing smacked of an operation, rather than a pilgrimage. And when word got out that only thirty-nine of the seven hundred who paraded before the UN had actually walked all the way, that the balance was largely made up of local college students and teenagers enjoying a beautiful Saturday in the spring—well, it got a little silly. Perhaps the public has grown too sophisticated for the usual paraphernalia of pacifism, even if it remains susceptible to the disease itself.

Antidote for Nuclear Hysteria

It is an established law of our epoch that any individual who begins to get public attention for ideas that run firmly and specifically counter to Soviet policy objectives will become the target for a massive campaign of defamation that will go on until he is politically—and often physically—silent. Such campaigns, originating in the secret chambers of the Communist apparatus, are commonly triggered by the words of an open or concealed Communist agent. They are carried on for the most part, however, not by the Communists themselves but by the massive exertions of the slavish Liberal left.

In our own as in all nations the honor roll of the victims is long and varied: Charles Lindbergh, Pat McCarran, Jan Valtin, Robert Vogeler, William C. Bullitt, Joseph McCarthy, Louis Budenz, Arthur Coleman, George Stratemeyer, Whittaker Chambers, Martin Dies, Douglas MacArthur, William Jenner and a hundred and one others.

Today's Target No. 1 is Edward Teller; and Operation Anti-Teller is reaching a climax to counter publication of the little book, *Our Nuclear Future* (Criterion, $3.50), which Dr. Teller has written with Albert L. Latter, a theoretical physicist on the staff of the Air Force auxiliary, the Rand Corporation. From the *Sunday Worker* to Herblock's infamies, from the slanderous columns of the *Nation* to Ralph Lapp's vengeful paragraphs in the *New York Herald Tribune's* book section, the chorus howls for Teller's blood.

By the evidence of what he has publicly said and written, confirmed anew by *Our Nuclear Future,* Dr. Teller is among the least ideological of men. This is no doubt his central crime. He has refused to bow to the reigning ideological symbols. He insists on calmly describing the world and analyzing its problems according to the lights of his scientific knowledge, his common sense, and his moral judgment. This is intolerable to the ideologues, who are ready to palm off any exaggerated or fraudulent picture of reality so long as it serves their fanatic aims.

If history teaches that war is a recurrent phenomenon and disarmament an illusory cure, Teller says just that, and does not offer his readers a false promise of peace through disarming. And he shows in *Our Nuclear Future* that "the root of the opposition to further [nuclear] tests is not connected with fallout. The root is deeper. The real reason against future tests is connected with our desire for disarmament and for peace."

Estimated scientifically instead of ideologically, the danger from radioactive fallout produced by the tests is only a small fraction of that from other common causes (cigarettes, automobiles, overweight) or from most other sources of radioactivity (cosmic

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rays, X-rays, even from houses: "The difference between living in a brick house and living in a wood house could give us ten times as much radiation as we are currently getting from fallout.") Only through further testing will "clean" (*i.e.*, fallout-free) bombs, already approximated by the United States, be perfected. Unless clean bombs are perfected, the amount of fallout in a general war might indeed threaten all mankind. And clean nuclear bombs of new types are the most likely weapon for defense against enemy nuclear bombers and missiles. "A major objective of the test program is to develop such purely defensive weapons." Moreover, the tests—even the military tests—are a necessary lead into the myriad peacetime applications of atomic energy.

"The word 'clean' to describe a hydrogen bomb is a moral outrage," screams the latest full-page ad of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (Norman Cousins, Max Lerner, Eleanor Roosevelt, Norman Thomas and Co.). These hysterical advocates of an immediate end to nuclear tests would not only bind the United States to an agreement which the Soviet Union would devise means to violate. ("Is it wise to make agreements which honesty will respect, but dishonesty can circumvent?") In addition, failing to understand the facts about radioactivity or the purpose of the tests, they would block the development not of weapons of mass annihilation (which both sides already possess) but of defense against aggression, of techniques to stop the production of a death-dealing fallout otherwise certain to result from wartime conditions, and of the very civilian uses to which they believe themselves dedicated.

For a light able to cut through this murk, we recommend, once again, a reading of *Our Nuclear Future*. You do not need to be an advanced student of physics to understand it. "The basic and relevant facts are simple. The story can be presented without unnecessary frills or undue emotion. When this has been done, the right decision will be reached by common sense rather than by exceptional cleverness."

For the Grass Roots

Why is grass-roots sentiment against foreign aid consistently ignored? asks a recent writer in the Catholic paper *Sunday Visitor;* and answers in effect: Because of vested interests in foreign aid, which has grown now into big business. American aid, writes the Rev. Richard Ginder, does not today "take the form of bales of currency shipped in battleships" to foreign lands, but of goods manufactured in this country and to the immense profit of the companies and employees involved. General Motors, for example, has been allowed tax write-offs for government orders of $6.8 billion; General Electric, $4.3 billion; A.T. & T., $2.26 billion; Ford, $2.06 billion.

It is not, moreover, simply the big companies and the unions that have vested interests in an extensive foreign aid program. The law firms that negotiate loans and the banks that implement them have equally good cause to favor foreign aid. Dean Acheson's firm, for instance, reported receipts from foreign governments in 1955 of over three hundred thousand dollars; William Donovan (former head of the OSS) received $50,000 (from Thailand); Thomas E. Dewey $75,000 (from Turkey); David Lilienthal several hundred thousand dollars (from Iran). Father Ginder does not take sides in the matter. He simply contends that these figures help explain the "benign climate" that foreign aid enjoys "in circles of influence, in direct opposition to grass-roots sentiment."

Because the average citizen *qua* citizen is not represented by Washington's fifteen hundred lobbies and pressure groups, a new lobby, the Liberty Lobby, has been established and is scheduled to begin operations on July 4. Dedicated to "the American as a citizen" and to "the national interest and the sovereignty of the nation itself," the Lobby's directors number such prominent conservatives as J. Bracken Lee, Robert B. Dresser and Ralph Courtney.

If the Liberty Lobby is to get off the ground, it must have support immediately. Those interested in learning more about it may write Mr. Willis A. Carto, P. O. Box 5311, San Francisco 1, Cal.

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Lost Word

Those who feel conservatism is so carefully elaborated one can put an issue in a slot, sit back, and watch it winnow its way down through finely tooled premises, traditions, and prescriptions, plunking down finally at Slot Yes or Slot No—are, so to speak, cuckoo. For example, there is the problem of billboards.

Premise A: The government has no right to dictate to an individual landowner what he may do with his land. If a landowner finds that his property borders a public highway and elects to rent the use of it to an outdoor advertising display company, whence does the government derive the right to stop him?

Premise B: The government has the right to protect natural resources. The beauty of the landscape is as much a natural resource as timber tracts. In behalf of the community, and pursuant to the community's explicit instructions, the State may intervene to prevent what amounts to an aggression upon the traveler who wants to travel from A to B without being asked, in two-foot caps, "ARE YOU REGULAR?"

Now as to the question whether NATIONAL REVIEW supports anti-billboard legislation, our answer is, very simply, that whereas the states exercise a primary jurisdiction *pro forma* in the subject instant but subordinate to the citizens' prior interest in reforestation and inland waterways, the government's position must rest on a simple lien in fee simple, *mirabile dictu*. And that is our *last* word on the subject.

Retort Contemptuous

We were unaware, until we spotted it in the excellent Washington newsletter *Human Events*, that the Reverend T. Perry Jones, the Methodist Minister in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, had acknowledged the belated apology of UAW secretary-treasurer Emil Mazey—as follows:

"Your telegram of apology for your irresponsible reference to the clergy of Sheboygan County arrived too late to be of any consequence. In fact, it is two years too late. The UAW-CIO, through its strike bulletins, and your intemperate statements in public speeches in Sheboygan, vilified the clergy for one reason only.

"We were expected to support every word and every technique used by the union. When the clergy turned away from this snide invitation to be spokesmen for the union, then we were accused of being spokesmen for the Kohler Co.

"Obviously, your greatest insult is to assume that the clergy of Sheboygan County are so lacking in self-respect that they would be stooges for the Kohler Co. or any other group in the community. Whatever faults you may recognize in the Kohler Co., the clergy of this county can assure you that Kohler Co. officials have never tried to influence the churches . . .

"Because we did not follow the leadership of the union we were castigated for months in the daily strike bulletin and by inference we were accused of cowardice. I do not recall that you came to our defense during this period of intimidation."

Stengelese Straight

When a congressman suggested the other day that our economic troubles might be solved by a $40 tax rebate to each and every taxpayer, we thought at once of Mr. Casey Stengel, the Ol' Perfessor who manages the New York Yankees.

As is well-known to readers of the sports pages, Casey can out-double-talk anybody, even up to and including Mr. Branch Rickey. Knowing the Stengel penchant for "Stengelese," as they call it, Mr. John Drebinger of the *New York Times* sidled up to Casey recently in St. Petersburg, Florida, thinking to get some hilarious nonsense out of the Yankees' manager on the subject of economics.

It so happens that in the off-season Mr. Stengel is something of a tycoon. He owns oil wells. He is also a director of the Glendale National Bank of Glendale, California. Solemnly baiting his hook, Mr. Drebinger asked of Tycoon Stengel: "Do you think we could ever have another financial collapse in this country such as we had in 1929?"

Casey's response was so far from double-talk that when it reached New York the *Times* put it on the financial page. "No, I don't," said Casey. "Why? Because there's too much money saved up, which we didn't have in 'twenty-nine. It was all on paper. Now, a lot of it is in savings banks. Trouble is people are too cautious and keep it where it don't pay them enough interest."

That would seem to be the soundest commentary that we are likely to get on the proposal to give every taxpayer a one-shot $40 rebate. As Casey Stengel, the bank director of Glendale, knows, a cautious citizen would take the $40 and put it in the bank.

A Coexistence Case History

Somehow this is the way that the people-to-people exchange programs with Communist countries always seem to work out:

A Mr. Roswell Garst is President of the Pioneer Hybrid Corn Company of Coon Rapids, Iowa. Since 1955 he has been traveling to Rumania in order, as he has explained it, to introduce his seeds to that

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traditionally grain-growing nation. So far so good; or at least not so bad.

But Mr. Garst is a polite, friendly fellow, like most Americans. As a visitor he complimented his Communist hosts, warmly and often, on their accomplishments. He readily agreed to speak these praises into a microphone, and was flattered no end when his plain Iowa prose was given an international broadcast beamed especially, as it happened, to the neutralist and uncommitted nations. Later he could also clip for his scrapbook his flattering estimate of Communist deeds and his pledge to work for "closer relations between our two nations," as these were prominently printed in the internal Rumanian press and in the newspapers sent to refugees abroad.

And how about Mr. Garst's seeds? They are excellent seeds that give high yield and good corn. The Rumanian officials are delighted to get them, and are reserving them exclusively for the collective farms. The officials figure that the higher productivity of Mr. Garst's hybrids will give the collective farms a new advantage over the individual peasant holdings, and will help weaken the continuing stubborn refusal of the majority of the Rumanian peasants to give up their individually owned land—the core of national resistance to total Communism.

Heard in Congress

(Who's-to-Blame-for-Eisenhower Division)

Rep. McCormack (Dem. of Mass.): A moment ago my friend from Michigan said that unemployment compensation was good.

Rep. Hoffman (Rep. of Mich.): Oh, no, no.

Rep. McCormack: He did not?

Rep. Hoffman: If I did, I said it was helpful to those who got it. There is no question about that.

Rep. McCormack: Then in 1935 he opposed what is helpful.

Rep. Christopher (Dem. of Mo.): . . . I know you gentlemen are enjoying yourselves, but when this unemployment question is before the House I want to say to my esteemed friend, whom I love very much, the gentleman from Michigan [Rep. Hoffman] that he is in distinguished company when he takes the attitude he does, because many of the most distinguished people in his party think the same way he does.

Rep. Hoffman: That is no more accurate than what the gentleman said before.

Rep. McCormack: Which party does the gentleman mean? I cannot understand.

Rep. Hoffman: The sound conservative party.

Rep. McCormack: Who is the leader of it?

Rep. Hoffman: Who is the leader? We have three or four.

Do you live in the New York area?
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will be discussed by

PROFESSOR SYLVESTER PETRO

of New York University Law School, author
of "The Labor Policy of the Free Society."

Rep. McCormack: Who?

Rep. Hoffman: The gentleman from Iowa [Rep. Gross] is one, the gentleman from Massachusetts [Rep. Martin] is one, the gentleman from Indiana [Rep. Halleck] is one, the gentleman from Ohio [Rep. Brown] is another one.

Rep. McCormack: What about the President?

Rep. Hoffman: He is leading you fellows.

Rep. McCormack: He is not the leader of your party, is he?

Rep. Hoffman: The Democratic moneybags nominated him, they elected him, and now they have repudiated him. —*Congressional Record*, p.4078

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Our Sleepy Academic Sentries

Dr. Louis M. Hacker, dean of Columbia University's School of General Studies, has come out, if we understand his language, against the automatic dismissal of Communists from college faculties. In doing so he sets himself against the declared policy of Columbia University on the question of Communist teachers (as announced in 1949).

"Unless there is substantial evidence of the perversion of the academic process," says Dr. Hacker, "neither retention of a teacher nor his employment should be affected by beliefs or associations, whether they be political or religious." There exists today a "virtual blacklist as mean and cruel as any inquisition" of teachers who have been "discharged from teaching posts simply because they refused to answer questions about their private lives by legislative committees [e.g., Harry Slochower]." "The profession of learning watches over its own integrity," Dr. Hacker was incautious enough to say in a state where virtually nothing was done about rampant Communism (which we take to be a perversion of the academic process) in educational institutions until conditions were exposed by state and congressional investigating committees. Dr. Hacker knows "at least a dozen" teachers unable to get jobs because they refuse to cooperate with congressional committees. "I know of no such situation at Columbia," he added, dismayingly.

Those who are confident that the teaching profession will look after its own integrity may look to Dr. Hacker, dean, for disillusion.

Notes and Asides

There are men, but not many, who are willing to work without recognition of any kind, in behalf of an ideal, and one of them died last week, age 38, of a heart attack. It is unlikely that the name of Eli Zrake is known to more than a few dozen people, yet last year in New York City 79,000 persons exercised the opportunity, available on account of his efforts, to register a vote of protest against the Republican-Democrat monolith. Eli Zrake, who had no money, who worked to support himself and his family, had large ideas, centering on the mobilization of the conservative vote in New York as a lever on the Republican Party. He was on the way to organizing, in his patient, careful, intelligent way, a significant political movement, when his heart suddenly gave out. There are others, no doubt, with the will and intelligence to carry on; but not many, for Eli Zrake was a singular man.

From a letter from a friend in Washington: "A young fellow, conservative, who is running for Clair Engel's seat in California, was in town [recently]. . . . He told [me] of an experience which I thought you would enjoy hearing. One night he was in a Washington taxi coming to a friend's house for dinner. The driver asked him if he was from out of town, was he with the government, was he a businessman, etc. When he replied he *was* from out of town and *was* a businessman, the driver said he had something for him to read which would be of interest. He then turned on a small light in the back of the cab—specially rigged for passengers to read by—and, while further explaining the merits of, and giving a sales pitch for, he handed my friend a copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. Curt was very impressed with the book, but mainly with the very well done and unique sales pitch the cabbie had. He told us of it right after it had happened—but I'm sorry to say he didn't get the driver's name."

Sir: Step forward, and accept our thanks.

A letter from Mr. Rodney Gilbert: "About ten days after you had published my long piece on the likelihood of Red China's collapse [Jan. 4], supported now by much new evidence, I had a letter from a Chinese general (Yuan Ch'ing-yuan) who was China's No. 1 guerrilla operator against the Japs in an area extending from Shanghai's suburbs for about 200 miles in all directions, to say that he had read my piece in Hong Kong's Overseas Chinese Daily *Hua Ch'iao Jih Pao,* or, in Cantonese, *Wah Kiu Yat Po.* He said it was very long and, judging by the date he gave, it must have been cabled from here, translated in Taipei and then distributed by cable or radio. He believed that many copies would be smuggled into Red China, would go far and would have a heartening effect. I also heard about it from the managing director of the Broadcasting Corporation of China who said he had put quotes from it on the air. . . . So we did have an echo or so."

Our Contributors: STEFAN T. POSSONY ("Uncertain Trumpet"), author of *Strategic Air Power* and *A Century of Conflict,* is Professor of International Relations at Georgetown University and is associated with The Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . THE REV. VICTOR WHITE, O. P. ("Jung on Religion"), author of *God and the Unconscious,* has written widely in England, the United States, and on the Continent, on theology and psychology. . . . WILLY LEY ("Countdown for Publishers") is the author of *Rockets and Space Travel, The Conquest of Space;* his newest book, *Satellites, Rockets, and Outer Space,* will appear this spring. . . . J. A. LUKACS ("The Upper Class in America"), of the faculty of Chestnut Hill College, is author of *The Great Powers and Eastern Europe.*

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Anatomy of a Smear

Some years ago Mrs. Helen Lane started going to PTA meetings as a regular thing. She also made a point, when she could find the time, of getting to the meetings of various civic groups. She asked questions, and now and then put in a word of her own. It was the sort of "participation in your community's affairs" that is recommended to all of us, and that tends to be urgent in Arlington, Virginia, where migrant employees of the federal government and traditional citizens of the Old Dominion live on the same street and hold profoundly different ideas about the kind of community Arlington ought to be. Mrs. Lane was informed, articulate, soft-spoken, attractive—the kind of person everyone ordinarily welcomes to the civic swim. In Arlington, however, not everyone did. Mrs. Lane had a point of view; her opinions were unquestionably conservative.

A former school teacher with a son in the public schools, Mrs. Lane concerned herself primarily with educational affairs. In the fall of 1956, when a member of the local school board died, she wrote a letter to the Arlington County Board pointing out why so-and-so was qualified to fill the vacancy. The Board—on which conservatives then held a 3-2 majority—was evidently more impressed by her presentation than by her nominee, for Mrs. Lane herself was promptly appointed to the local school body.

As a school-board member, Mrs. Lane soon worked herself deep under Liberal skins. With one ally, occasionally two, on the five-member board, she raised questions about text books, about a blatant Communist-fronter on the teaching staff, about inessential items in the school budget. One of her chief targets was Arlington's grading system. Classroom competition is anathema to many professional educators—with the result, in Arlington's lower grades, that report cards avoid any disclosure of how Johnny's academic performance compares with his classmates'. (The only standard is somebody's estimate of Johnny's "capability"; all his parents learn is how Johnny is measuring up to his alleged potentialities.) Mrs. Lane urged a return to comparative grading, and got a committee set up to study the problem.

The "personality check list" was another feature of the Arlington system that drew Mrs. Lane's fire. Why should the schools, she wanted to know, maintain secret pupil dossiers having nothing to do with academic matters? Johnny doesn't get along with his classmates? His mother dresses shabbily? His father seems to favor Johnny's sister? All of these things might be true, but Mrs. Lane wondered whether the teachers who made such entries on the "check-list" were qualified — or paid — to practice psychiatry; and, in any event, whether such items ought to go on a permanent record that is inaccessible to parents. She also questioned one of the methods of arriving at "pupil personality" judgments: Johnny's classmates are asked to rank him on a popularity scale; the composite verdict—Johnny's "sociogram"—helps the teacher decide whether Johnny is well-adjusted.

On January 9, Mrs. Lane laid a full-blown policy statement before the school board. It is time, she said, for the board to take a hand in policy-making—a responsibility that in Arlington and elsewhere has gone by default to professional educators. Academic standards, for example, are too low; and more discipline is needed. Then this gauntlet: "We need to re-evaluate our textbooks as well as our curriculum, and make certain that texts are not indoctrinating pupils in order to prepare them for a collectivist society."

Late in February Mrs. Lane further infuriated local Liberals by appearing, in an individual capacity, before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on behalf of the school clause of Senator Jenner's bill to curb the Supreme Court.

The story broke last week on the front page of the *Washington Star*: "Mother on Arlington School Board Accused of Altering Son's Report." The president of a local PTA, one Lindsey Harmon, had made the charge before the Arlington County Board. The County Board, with the 3-2 majority now having shifted to the Liberals, promptly decided to hold a public hearing—despite formal advice from the Commonwealth Attorney that it had no jurisdiction in the matter.

The facts, which are not disputed, are these: A couple of months ago, Mrs. Lane's son reported that a book had been stolen from his locker. When report cards were next issued, the boy's mathematics teacher remarked on the card that the book had turned up, that the pages were damaged, that the boy's name was not in the book. Mrs. Lane felt the comment reflected unfavorably on her son; and, in any event, that it had no place on the permanent records of the school. Accordingly, she erased the comment and returned the report card with a letter to the teacher explaining what she had done.

The Washington press proved equal to the challenge. Scooped at the beginning, the *Post* soon had the story on *its* front page. The day before the County Board hearing, the *Post* reported a sensational new development; a Liberal group calling itself the Arlington Civic Federation thought the moment propitious to "consider" a resolution censuring Mrs. Lane for her testimony on the Jenner Bill. She had used "smear tactics," the resolution said, which were "damaging to the morale of the teaching staff and the administration of Arlington schools." The County Board hearing furnished additional grist—*i.e.*, the principals (minus Mrs. Lane) retold the gory details of the erasure, and had their pictures taken.

The Board took no action—nor, in the light of the jurisdictional question and a boycott by the two conservative members, is it likely to. Besides, any further impairment of Mrs. Lane's effectiveness would now be superflous.

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The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Reorganizing the Pentagon

Generally speaking it is the simplest problems that are the most difficult to solve. When it comes to a hard Yes-or-No on a critical issue—shall I quit my job? join the Church? marry the girl? enlist in the Army? —most of us are ready to go a long way to put off the plain, stark choice. What a deluge of words, written and spoken, we drown that sort of Yes-or-No in! So is it also with most key public issues: shall we help the Sumatra rebels? have a tax cut? appease the Russians? The choice is difficult just *because* it is so simple. We feel compelled to complicate it in order to hide from ourselves our reluctance to decide.

Now, everyone knows that the present organization of our military establishment is lamentable. In *Forging a New Sword* (Harper, $4.50), Colonel William R. Kintner includes among the recognized defects: "The organizational machinery is not effective. This country is not doing its planning adequately . . . [There is] fragmentation and diffusion of the decision-making power within the Pentagon. . . . We need a streamlined administrative system that can react to technological changes. . . . Each military service interprets strategic guidance in its own way and in its own favor. . . . The integration of military and civilian personnel is not yet satisfactory . . . waste . . . service rivalries . . . astronomical costs." It is a minimum list.

The facts are notorious; plans for reorganization are a dime a dozen; and, beginning with 1947, there has been by law or administrative decree a "drastic overhaul" of the Pentagon every couple of years. Somehow the plans and overhauls only aggravate the defects. Each new organizational change piles one more bureaucratic load on the creaking frame. The cost-accounting and fancy computer systems just waste more money more quickly, and the reshuffled committees become another set of brakes on the decision process. There is no reason to believe that either the hastily drawn Bridges-Mansfield Bill or the newly announced Administration plan (which goes rather along the lines of Colonel Kintner's recommendations) will have results much happier than the reorganization projects of the past.

Colonel Kintner's book is, indeed, disappointing. Some years ago, in *The Front is Everywhere,* he proved himself both informed and articulate about the reality of the third world war. But *Forging a New Sword* gives off a heavy smell of the foundation-supported multiple-staffed "research project." Although side remarks touch on the big problems, Colonel Kintner ends up with the standard routine: symmetrical Tables of Organization, improved "channels," "access" and "coordination."

The Truth Simple

Let us try to break through to the simple: *the basic trouble with the U.S. military establishment is that it doesn't know what it is supposed to do.* How can it be efficient when it doesn't know what it is supposed to be efficient *at*? How can it make quick, sensible decisions on particular points when it doesn't know where it is trying to get in general?

The military establishment does not possess a "Grand Strategy," a unified "strategic doctrine" or even a coherent "war plan." It does not have a true war plan, and under its present organization it cannot develop one, and could not operate under a coherent doctrine or plan if one were developed. In Colonel Kintner's words: "Fundamental obstacles exist which tend to frustrate and vitiate the organization and procedures for strategic planning within the Joint Chiefs of Staff. . . . Under these circumstances it is not only natural but inevitable that each service . . . has developed both a distinct strategic concept and a differing order of priorities."

But even if the military establishment were perfectly organized, its central problem would not be solved. Strategic doctrine and the war plan are derivatives of *national policy.* We have no national policy and *therefore* we cannot have a coherent strategic doctrine or war plan. It is not the business of the Pentagon to determine national policy, but of the President and Congress. There is an executive organ charged with the formulation of national policy decisions —the National Security Council—but it does not carry out its responsibility: in the last analysis, because its controlling member, the President, does not do so. Anyone who has seen NSC directives knows that they are vague, vacuous compromises of conflicting views and interests. The nation has not yet made an organized response to the postwar technical and political world revolution.

The Undecision Machine

"The historical boundaries between air, land, and sea warfare have largely disappeared." Of course. And how ridiculous to suppose that the new problems can be solved in the traditional division reaffirmed by the Army's Chief of Staff: "The primary function of the Air Force is to destroy enemy air power and for the Navy to destroy enemy naval power. . . . The Army exists to destroy hostile armies."

Total one-uniform unification at the operational level does not necessarily follow. But a rational reorganization of the Pentagon is impossible without a coherent doctrine and plan; and these can be developed only by a unified—not a joint—General Staff, with no stake in the preservation of an obsolescent weapons system or the capture of a new one. I have become convinced, however, that it is not the absence of a true staff that prevents the development of a coherent strategic doctrine, but rather the absence of a national policy that blocks a rational reorganization.

It is almost by design that our entire security apparatus—NSC, State Department, CIA and Pentagon—now functions as an anti-decision machine.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Here & There in the College World

At QUEENS COLLEGE, a massive assault on progressive education has recently been mounted. Phi Beta Kappa compiled a list of over 150 courses, currently being offered at Queens, which are "non-academic, or vocational in nature." The undergraduate newspaper, the *Rampart,* published the list, together with a blast, directed primarily at the Department of Education. Among courses open to students at Queens: Library Resources for the Elementary School Curriculum (Library Education 220); Problems in Broadcasting (Speech 26); Methods and Materials in the Teaching of Physical Education (Education 67); Supervised Observation and Student Teaching in Home Economics (*ibid* 76); Leadership in Recreation (Physical Education 9); Education in Camp Leadership (*ibid* 30); Physical Education for Atypical Children (*ibid* 46); Quantity Cookery (Home Economics 77 *and* 78—two years?).

". . . it seems to us," wrote the editors, "that the evidence supports . . . a stern judgment . . . that the time may be ripe for a close, hard look at the whole empire of professional educationdom that now controls our public schools . . . 'Democratic education' is indeed an attractive phrase, but we should not let the beauty of the adjective obscure the vacuity of the noun."

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On the Risks of Being Precocious—from the UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN'S *Sheaf*: "Apart from any political meaning, if any, the words ['conservative' and 'liberal'] have a far wider significance. The conservative, it may be said, above all conforms. And all bohemian and pseudo-intellectual protestations to the contrary, conformity is a good and essential thing. The conformist observes the law; he respects tradition and adapts himself to the needs and demands of the community . . . But non-conformity, radicalism, irreverence, all have a definite place on a university campus. First, because this is youth's golden opportunity for the sowing of its intellectual wild oats; and above all, because this hothouse environment produces more than hothouse plants. If the university does its work well, the exotic growths soon die out, and the sturdy, indigenous growths that have taken root flourish and multiply, to the enrichment of our civilization . . . At the risk of being precocious, it might be well to conclude with . . . Vachel Lindsay:

Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime, its babes grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp, and leaden-eyed.

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On the Reliability of Pre-Vacation Cynicism: from the YALE *Daily News*: "Traditionally the month of April is full of surprises, but we would be overwhelmed if the postvacation arrival of Messrs. Truman, Acheson, and [Soapy] Williams [as resident lecturers, for one week] resulted in anything more absorbing than a splendid articulation of current Democratic platitudes . . . we see the triumphant triumvirate lecturing at great length upon the following topics: Mr. Truman on 'The Failure of the Republican Party to Avert a Depression, and Why We Should Elect a Democratic Congress in 1958'; Mr. Acheson on 'The Failure of Mr. Dulles to Avert a Crisis in Foreign Policy, and Why We Should Elect a Democratic President in 1960'; and Mr. Williams on 'The Failure of Big Business to Win the Kohler Strike, and Why We Should Call for Walter Reuther as Secretary of Labor in 1960.' It would be highly unfortunate —both for the Yale community and the reputation of the Chubb Fellows —if these three gentlemen should run true to their predicted form, but our pre-vacation cynicism prevents us from expecting anything more."

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The Awful Truth Department—from the STANFORD *Daily,* deploring student apathy, and exploring its causes: ". . . Perhaps an agonizing reappraisal of student apathy is more to the point, since this Stanford phenomenon seems to be the guiding principle of most student intellectual and cultural activities . . . Politics has always been one of the basic interests of the complete, educated man in the English tradition which America has supposedly inherited. [But] Stanford students not only refuse to take part in organized intellectual activities, but the great majority are not even interested in attending talks by prominent figures . . . The Administration may well share some of the blame for student apathy, but, if so, its error could only be attributed to its admissions policy; for the only logical reason we can think of as the cause of student dullness is that we *are* dull."

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From an address by PRINCETON'S Father Hugh Halton, commenting on the charge that Princeton clubs discriminate against religious minorities: "Dr. Harold W. Dodds [Mr. Goheen's predecessor as president of Princeton] said in the Spring of 1956, when Alger Hiss bloomed on campus: 'Education includes the freedom to make mistakes . . . It is often not enough to tell a child that fire is hot. To learn the personal significance of fire, the child must sometimes burn himself.'

"Dr. Goheen [in supporting the discriminatory position of the Princeton clubs] reads it this way: 'To learn the personal significance of religious discrimination, clubmen must sometimes practice religious discrimination.'

"So, in the clubs you drink until you are buzzed, and you discriminate to get the feel of it. There's nothing like experience. Goheen, like Dodds, is on instruments when it comes to academic freedom, and he can't touch down on any definition without fear of a crash . . .

"If religious and moral values pre-

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vailed in this place, and if we exercised spiritual, social and academic discipline, the clubs would never have slipped to the point where [administrative action] would become necessary . . . But it would be wrong to leave the impression that religious discrimination is common currency at Princeton. It would be unfair. I know of no man in the past 50 years whose check was refused by the Princeton Fund because of his religious affiliation. If one gives generously to Princeton, one may violate all the social graces, eat like a cannibal and dip a gloved hand into the martini to fetch the olive—and still be the life of the party on Prospect Street. And if, as a millionaire, when you are dying, you call not for a priest, but for the University Treasurer, the President himself may come along to administer the last rites and hold your hand—the one with the pen in it. If you give all that you possess he will send your soul on its way with a hymn—the trustees humming (contentedly by now) in the background. Then, they close your eyes, blot the will, shake hands all around, have a drink, and say: Well, who's next?"

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From the *Michigan Daily*, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN: "A Time of Examination for United States Capitalism: Modified free enterprise economics are on trial in America. The current recession, with a concurrent waste of resources and hardship on human lives, has and will bring the nature of our economic system into question by both Americans and the many foreigners who are seeking a political-economic path. If a common belief ever circulates that recessions and depressions are indeed chronic features of capitalism then we can expect a greater sympathy for socialism than now exists in the United States or abroad . . . why can not our economy sustain over a long period a high consumer demand—that basic stimulus of economic activity? This question has not received due consideration . . . Capital . . . has made some 'excessive' profit within the last few years. . . . Prices must be kept within consumers' means. Inflation is what you run into if you run from recession. Thus far we have depended on the free market to determine prices, but this has failed to restrain such monopoly interests as the steel companies from raising prices, even though they were making a fair profit. We think there is such a thing as a 'fair' profit, and, under the circumstances, we think the federal government must necessarily step in and define what is 'fair.' . . . This is all said in the interest of keeping our economy as free and productive as possible for the benefit of all, under the existing circumstances. It is no feat that our system may reach higher peaks of output than forms of socialism, if socialism can produce a higher average product over a period of time, plus insuring stable employment."

Timeuppance

(The following editorial appeared in the Arkansas Traveler, *student newspaper of the University of Arkansas, shortly after* Time *Magazine published a cover piece on Governor Orval Faubus. The student editors' point is that if one uses techniques of this kind, one can do anything to anybody. . . .)*

"Everyone has by now, I suppose, read the Time cover story on the strange case of Orval Faubus vs. the U.S. If you haven't, you ought to because it is a milestone in interpretative reporting.

"Orval is taken to task for being from Greasy Creek, among other things, and in a currently running story in Life, some of his relatives are shown who look amazingly like the Joad family. Let's take a look at Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine.

"Time editor is Henry Robinson Luce (rhymes with Zeus) a man who goes to great lengths to avoid having his picture taken, possibly because he is ugly. He is perhaps best-known by his skinny and snappish wife, Clare Boothe (rhymes with couth) . . . Henry is just one year short of 60 and although Clare refrains from divulging her date of birth in Who's Who, it is readily apparent that she is a close contemporary of hubby's.

"Both Henry and Clare have led blameless lives insofar as milk-dribbling, gusty belching, and snuff dipping are concerned. The recurrent story, however, that Henry Luce can walk on water like his friend Ike is without basis in fact.

"Luce's magazines are house organs for the Republican Party and bear such pretentious titles as Time, Life, and Fortune. For getting him elected president, Dwight Eisenhower rewarded Henry by sending Clare to Italy as ambassador. This was the big time for Clare, a woman whose delusions of greatness are paralleled only by those of Orval Faubus.

"Sometimes she thinks she is being poisoned and she is continually going about posturing as a great lady in the Eleanor Roosevelt tradition. Unfortunately no one has told her she is not in the same league. 'She's about as feminine as a meat-ax,' writer Irving Shaw has said of her.

"Also in the Luce stable besides Time, the magazine for people who can't think, is Life, the magazine for people who can't read. Life is composed of picture stories (Clare Boothe Luce Goes Skin Diving, Life Goes To A Lynching, etc.) which are interchangeable from year to year plus one compensatory page . . . devoted to pious, turgid editorials which nobody reads.

"Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine, emanates from New York, a city slightly dirtier than Yong-Dong-Po, Korea. . . . There the night fog wisps early and the silence is broken only by the screaming of teenage gangs as they beat each other to death with short pieces of pipe, or the occasional cry in the night of a man who has been hit full in the face with a little concentrated sulphuric acid.

"A source not at all close to the President summed up the situation . . . this way: 'The whole damned place ought to be plowed up and planted in turnip greens.'"

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Uncertain Trumpet

STEFAN T. POSSONY

George F. Kennan's lectures over the BBC last year caused a great deal of excitement. This reviewer gained the impression that Mr. Kennan had made a whole set of reckless proposals along Soviet "lines." Upon reading the text of these lectures as now published in book form (*Russia, the Atom and the West,* Harper, $2.50), it becomes clear that his views were misrepresented, provided we consider this text to be authentic and provided also we disregard other utterances by the author.

Nevertheless, I believe that Mr. Kennan is wrong in many of his arguments; and some of the concepts with which he is playing are dangerous to the security of the free world. Thus, he discounts the threat of Soviet military attack and describes internal aggression as the most menacing aspect of world Communism. His suggestion that U.S. domestic failings are a greater threat to Western security than that symbolized by Russian Sputniki defies refutation in polite language.

His discussion of the "arms race" shows little knowledge of present military developments. Mr. Kennan seems to believe that current defense programs aim predominantly at increasing the speed of delivery and the destructiveness of nuclear firepower, which is simply false. He avers that he does not trust the (unidentified) calculations on which the various "frantic schemes for defense against atomic attack" are based— which is a gratuitous comment on a subject about which he cannot claim competence.

It also is debatable whether frontiers and political control of territory are at the basis of the conflict between the Soviet Union and the West. Equally dubious is the assumption that the German problem is the hub of the current world crisis. These are subsidiary problems which could be solved easily if the Soviets did not wage conflict for far more basic reasons and motivations. To them, territory is simply a means to an end; the end is the world-wide establishment of Communism as a political-ideological system.

The references to "disengagement" (a term not actually used in the book) are ambiguous, but taken by themselves they are innocent: Mr. Kennan shies away from proposing a specific program. He says merely that we should not delude ourselves that we can have a German settlement tomorrow and that we should not make "frivolous and one-sided concessions" to obtain one. "My plea is only that we remember that we have a problem here which must sooner or later be solved, and better sooner than later; and that we do our best to see that the positions we adopt with relation to it are at all times as hopeful and constructive as they can be made." Why any one should have got excited over such exhortations —which are typical of the author's style—is hard to understand.

It would be unfair, however, to overlook Mr. Kennan's realistic and valid points. The former star of the State Department sheds cold water over the idea that "summit meetings" could solve any substantive problems. He criticizes the notion that disarmament is possible before political conflicts of interest have been settled. (In other words, disarmament is impossible.) Surprisingly, Mr. Kennan is very cool to the claims made for the potency of economic aid and doubtful of the usefulness of accelerating economic developments in the uncommitted areas.

In the military-strategic domain, he calls attention to the fact that obviously the slogan (created by Litvinov) of the indivisibility of peace is nonsense, since local wars have been occurring all the time. He makes the point that adoption by European countries of a military system resembling that of Switzerland would enhance their security against Soviet aggression—an idea which deserves far more attention than so far has been given to it.

One of Mr. Kennan's strongest arguments is directed against the illusion that we can lay to rest Soviet suspicions about our "motives."

> Forty years of intellectual opportunism have wrought a strange corruption of the communist mind, rendering it incapable of distinguishing sharply between fact and fiction. . . . The Russian communists have always been characterized by their extraordinary ability to cultivate falsehood as a deliberate weapon of policy. . . . The effects of this systematic abuse of the human intellect are deep-seated and troublesome.

The Soviet leaders misunderstand the "main things" about the free world. They are the "first and leading victims of the abuse they have practiced for so long on the freedom of the mind." "Their habitual carelessness about the truth has tended to obliterate in their minds the distinction between what they do believe and what they merely find it convenient to say." Even if it were possible to clear all "misunderstandings" today, Mr. Kennan is sure that new misunderstandings would arise on the morrow. He does not believe that anything can be done to correct this "corruption of thought" within a short time. Hence, he wonders about the "wisdom of engaging . . . senior Western statesmen directly in the process of negotiation with the Soviet government" with whom "no intimacy of understanding is really possible."

Equally realistic is the suggestion that "a wise Western policy will in-

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sist that no single falsehood or distortion from the Soviet side should ever go unanswered" and that an "informational war of indefinite duration" be waged. Mr. Kennan does not say that this war should include an attack on the essentials of Communist thought, an omission which betrays the "softness" in his thinking. Nevertheless, this suggestion of an *informational war*—provided, of course this war were executed effectively—is one which anti-Communists have been making for many years. (When Mr. Kennan was director of the policy planning staff in the State Department, surely he could have done something about his suggestion.)

It is characteristic of the disarray of current public opinion that the rational and realistic strands in Kennan's thinking have not been picked up. How much safer the world would be if Mr. Kennan's valid arguments and admonitions were given attention in preference to his confusions! How is it possible that his call for an informational war was ignored as universally as his ambiguous ideas about Germany, NATO and the armaments race were spread all over the press and interpreted in a pro-Soviet sense? Why does Mr. Kennan allow these misinterpretations to stand? Does he like to be misinterpreted? It is all very mysterious.

Jung on Religion

VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

THE EDITORS of C. G. Jung's *Collected Works* have arranged them, not in chronological sequence, but according to their respective subject-matter. This has its advantages, but may be misleading to the reader of single volumes isolated from the whole collection. Thus, he would be mistaken were he to suppose that the recently issued *Psychology and Religion: West and East* (Vol. II, Pantheon, $6.00) contains all that Jung has written about religion, or even all the most important things he has written about it.

Jung has never pursued the "psychology of religion" apart from general psychology. The unique importance of his work lies rather in his discovery and treatment of religious, or potentially religious, factors in his investigation into the unconscious as a whole and in his general therapeutic practice. *Symbols of Transformation* (Vol. 6) tells us more than does this volume about the discovery, the *Two Essays* (Vol. 7) more about the theoretic integration, and *The Practice of Psychotherapy* (Vol. 16) more about the practical treatment of these factors in analytical psychology as a whole.

Nor does the extent to which Jung's treatment of them has changed and developed, during the sixty years he has been at work, appear in this volume alone: a development carefully traced in Hostie's *Religion and the Psychology of Jung*. It does, however, contain most of Jung's published writings on overtly religious subjects: his *Aion*, shortly to appear as a separate volume in the collection, is the only notable exception. And the somewhat revised and augmented version of the Terry Lectures, with which this volume opens, and which Jung delivered at Yale in 1937, gives the reader a general conspectus of his approach to the subject, and tells adequately why he has given it such special attention.

THE WHOLE BOOK represents pioneer work of the first importance for the understanding of modern man's situation. Incidentally but no less surely, it offers the theologian and the pastor a point of contact with the souls of men around him. Its great merit lies in Jung's readiness, even at the expense of a clear and tidy theory, to take the religious, "numinous" and mythological material which emerges from the unconscious at its face-value, and not as a "censored" disguise for an alleged "latent content" forced to fit theoretical preconceptions. Viewed as being themselves powerful psychological realities, rather than fantasy substitutes for reality, these psychic contents have proved to be potent instruments of psychological transformation, and therefore of practical therapy.

The result of such a procedure is not, and cannot be, neatly packaged and easily digestible, and the method has led Jung into remote regions unknown and uncharted by most psychologists. The "Western" sections of this book include studies of the psychological function of the doctrine of the Trinity, and of ternary and quaternary symbols generally; then of ritual sacrifice and the doctrine of transubstantiation. These include many a side-glance at such phenomena as alchemy, gnosticism and astrology. The "Eastern"sections take us to Tibetan texts, yoga techniques (of whose unsuitability for Westerners Jung has strong things to say), and to Zen practices and Chinese oracles.

Reading is rendered no easier by the fact that important empirical observations, legitimate hypotheses and theories, and flashes of profound insight jostle with alleged facts and beliefs which the *homo religiosus* must often protest are just not so. Others may be irritated by naive misunderstandings and highly subjective opinions on matters of history, philosophy and scriptural exegesis, which may leave experts in those fields gasping. All these, doubtless, are not intended as the dogmatic pronouncements which they appear to be, but as a contribution to the "dialectical procedure" which, as Jung explains elsewhere, is imposed on the psychotherapist beyond the sphere of his professional competence.

It exceeds the possibilities of a review to begin to sift the gold from the dross, but the gold is so precious and rare that it is important that this should be done. Jung has undoubtedly opened up a hitherto uncharted country, acquaintance with which is essential to our mental health, if not to the whole future of Western man.

THE VOLUME includes, necessarily but somewhat incongruously, Jung's confessedly emotional and highly emotive "Answer to Job." It is a passionately sincere and moving document: a searing *cri de coeur* for the plight of modern man. The editors call it provocative, but we are uncertain what it is intended to provoke. Were it not for the preface, we might read most of it as a straight religious satire in the line of Vol-

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taire, France and Shaw's *Black Girl;* less subtle perhaps, but more constructive, and with no pretensions to be "science."

The preface may appease the indignation of the devout reader when it assures us that the "God" or "Yahweh"—who is the book's protagonist and victim—is not God or Yahweh at all, but a psychological image or archetype. But this can only baffle other readers, rather especially if they are also psychologists. For while they may have learned that the human psyche can project images, and the ego may become more conscious of them, they will find it hardly intelligible that an image should (as does "Yahweh" in this account) itself project and become conscious—let alone create the world and become incarnate.

A psychological interpretation of the human Job, his symptoms, sufferings and the transformation of his attitude to the Divine, would have been more intelligible, and done less violence to the Biblical text—here changed from high tragedy into banal melodrama. This subjection of the Divine to psychological exploration calls for more justification and analytical interpretation than the author offers us. The fact that it lends itself so easily to a Freudian interpretation, in terms of the author's own personal psychology and parental relationships, is not altogether reassuring, and it can be no substitute for an interpretation of his own.

Countdown for Publishers

WILLY LEY

In midsummer 1957 I was told that there were seventeen different book manuscripts ready in manuscript or even in type, all of them dealing with Project Vanguard and all of them to be released at the time the first Vanguard rocket put the first artificial satellite into the sky. To the writers of these manuscripts and to their prospective publishers the appearance of Sputnik No. 1 on October 4, 1957, must have been as much of a blow as the complete failure of the first Vanguard rocket on December 6. I did not mention Sputnik No. 2 in this sentence because everybody was still so numb because of No. 1 that the appearance of No. 2 did not make much difference. All this, of course, happily changed with the successful Vanguard launching on March 17 (see the exuberant publishers' advertising since), and most happily for Dutton who were able to hit the nail right on the head with a new pitch for Martin Caidin's *Vanguard!* ($3.95).

I don't know whether the figure of seventeen manuscripts that was quoted to me was correct or not. But about half that number have made their appearance by now. In some cases the authors had the bad luck that their books were being distributed in anticipation of the Vanguard shot just about the time Sputnik took up its orbit around the earth. Other manuscripts were still in page proof at the moment, which gave their authors a chance to tack on a quick chapter on Sputnik; unfortunately they could not go over the rest of the book and remove what was evidently obsolete. David O. Woodbury's *Around the World in 90 Minutes* (Harcourt, $5.75) falls into this category.

Ninety per cent of it is devoted to a detailed description of the Vanguard project with all its ramifications, scientifically, technologically

and organizationally. The last chapter of the original manuscript dealt with the future of space travel, mostly by quoting from well-known sources. After the event, a chapter on Sputnik was inserted in front, strangely enough accusing the Russians of having shot a satellite without any preliminary announcement. Actually the Russians had been talking about their satellite project for about a year prior to their first shot. They had announced that their satellite would be placed into "a nearly circumpolar orbit," which is what they did. They had even announced that it would weigh about 200 pounds. It can only be concluded that Mr. Woodbury failed to keep track of the sources which were easily available. The book is not actually as obsolete as it looks at first glance, but only newcomers to the field of rocketry and the concept of artificial satellites will profit by reading it.

Eric Burgess' *Satellites and Spaceflight* (Macmillan, $3.95) is an entirely different book. The "satellites" of his title are a theoretical concept—the manuscript was finished in January 1957—and the book is more lasting just because it is mainly a theoretical discussion. Theory, if well thought out and well presented, is a non-perishable commodity. Burgess' book has five chapters. "Instrumented Satellites" is the first; it discusses the theory behind today's reality. The second chapter, "Station in Space," deals with the next major development, the manned artificial satellite, which has been rather exhaustively treated by Wernher von Braun and others. The third chapter, "Probing into Space," deals with unmanned research devices that will be sent far out into space, ultimately to the neighboring planets and into the sun's corona. The last three chapters of the book, "Expedition to the Moon," "The Lunar Base" and "Interplantary Flight," do not need explaining; their titles tell what they are about.

Each chapter is followed by a careful bibliography and the diagrams are clear, even if they may look "technical" at first glance to some. It is a bit surprising that something that I first thought to be a typographical error has slipped through in such a carefully done book. The name of the first Russian rocket pioneer was Ziolkovsky, and it is customary in England (Mr. Burgess is English) to transcribe it as Tsiolkovsky for the sake of correct pronunciation of the first letter. Well, when first mentioned he appears as Tiolkovsky. But then this "typo" is repeated. And he is even indexed as Tiolkovsky.

The Challenge of the Sputniks (ed. by Richard Witkin, Doubleday, $1.50) consists of reprints of newspaper articles, editorials and speeches by public figures which were written

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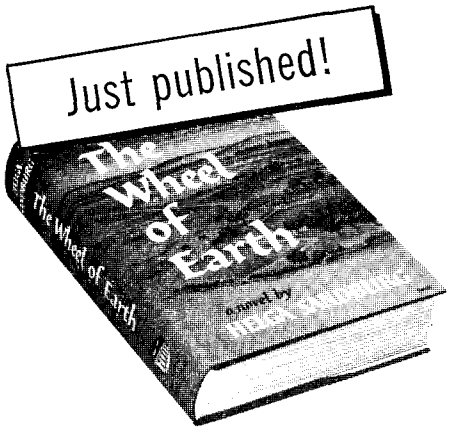

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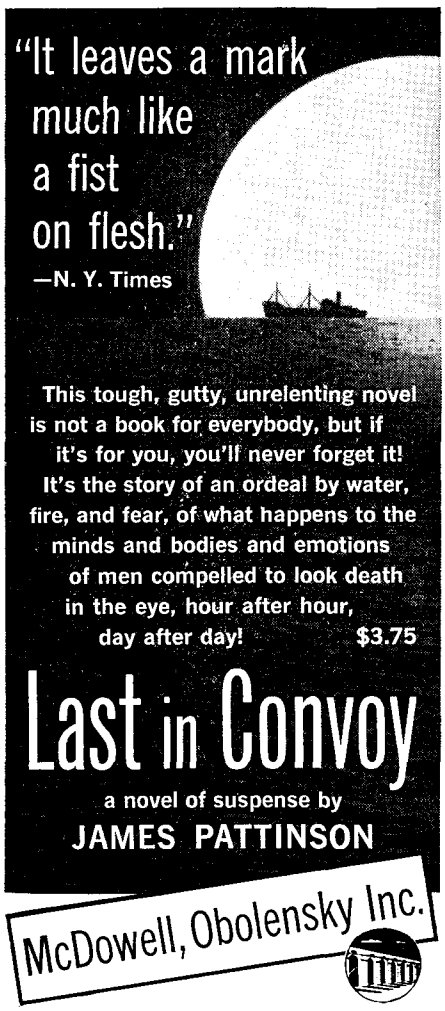
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I especially urge everybody to open the book to page 63 and keep reading for the next four or five pages. The article (by Albert Parry) reprinted there will surprise everybody who lamely repeated the official version of "surprise." After having read this piece, begin at the beginning for a graphic picture of a most thoroughly mishandled situation.

The editor, Richard Witkin, has done a fine job of selection. But I do have a question for him: doesn't *anybody* know that the plural of sputnik is sputniki?

Fiction Chronicle

Spring Novels

ROBERT PHELPS

As ALWAYS, any season, there are dozens to choose from, and the five I have picked from the ten I happened to read, are not necessarily the best, the most original, nor even the most likely to spend a week end with the National Book Awards judges next year. But they are all worth reading for one reason or another; and certainly if you try this particular quintet, you'll end up laughing at all the owls who periodically warn us that the novel is dead. No form which can accommodate such a variety of purpose, temperament, insight, and general verbal conduct can be anything but alive. A viable novel, after all, has only one requirement. The only thing it has to do, somewhere along the line, is produce people and give us a sense of their happening. The rest is *carte blanche*: it can preach causes, probe motives, paint landscapes, parade its own prose, even break into rhyme.

Perhaps it is because they are males, thinking types who are concerned with immediate social questions, that Leo Townsend and Geoffrey Wagner both use the novel to offer us tracts for the times. In *The Young Life* (John Day, $3.95), Mr. Townsend diagnoses what we call juvenile delinquency. An Englishman, he sets his story in London, but the same consequences could transpire in any other large Western city. A fourteen-year-old girl is attacked on the street and raped by a gang of bored roughnecks. The girl suffers permanent emotional alienation from men; the gang leader goes unpunished, and a few years later commits a murder, for which in turn he is spared hanging. But what Mr. Townsend really wishes to show us are the people around these youngsters, the conscientious citizenry from psychiatrist to priest to neighbor who, out of their well-meaning intent to understand, rehabilitate and protect the offender, actually set aside and even deplore the equally important necessity of punishing him.

Geoffrey Wagner's *Rage on the Bar* (Noonday, $3.50) deals with the prevailing decline of empire. The colonials wish to retain what they have built up; the natives wish to wear their own yoke. *Rage on the Bar* isolates the problem on an island in the West Indies where a young ADC, coming as an outsider, sees both sides, and though he sympathizes with the natives, sleeps with the colonials. After a brief skirmish with rebellion, he resolves his private relation to a tragic problem by the sensible if not very heroic strategy of taking the next boat out.

Perhaps because they are ladies, feeling types who are concerned with universal emotional patterns, Marianne Hauser and Helga Sandburg use the novel for less didactic purposes. Both their books are essentially hymns of praise, to "bless what there is for being." Mrs. Hauser's, *The Choir Invisible* (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95), is about a young bank clerk and choir director in a small Missouri town who is told he may die any day of leukemia. When his neighbors find out, they sympathetically respond by joining his choir, and then one of them, a beauty oper-

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ator, gives him a chance to have a fling, cast his bread on the waters, love, risk, open, suffer, cause to suffer, and for the first time in his life, feel the pulse of creation. If this sounds like a soap opera, I am to blame. Mrs. Hauser has a cachet all her own, a wry joyfulness, a way of seeing and accepting, which is at once unsentimental and—if I may use so homely a word—glad. Her choir leader lives through Christmas and Easter, and on the final page, though he still knows that he may die any minute, he has been resurrected. Sitting in his garden, feeling guilt, need, love, he can now hear the wind, the dust mop, the laundry snapping, his children playing. Having used his life, he has discovered it.

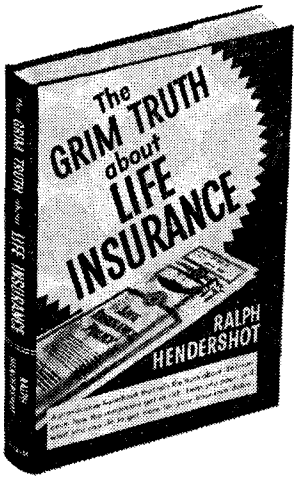
The people in Helga Sandburg's *The Wheel of Earth* (McDowell, Obolensky, $4.95) are farmers living in Kentucky a generation ago. Simple, hard, wholesome, enduring, they are as bound to the season's turning as their crops and cattle. Their psychology, in fact, seems much too pastorally tidy; and if they are nevertheless convincing, this may be because Mrs. Sandburg has described the outside details of their lives so intimately, so lovingly, that by extension the people whom these realities —of birds, barns, bees, berries—surround have to become real. Of course, the morning I read her pages, my own homely acre of Catskill rocks, laurel and hemlock was beginning to smell of thaw and awakening. I only know that of all these books, *The Wheel of Earth* has left me with the greatest number of exact, unforgettable details.

AND THEN there is Jack Kerouac. Last September, when I read *On the Road,* it seemed to me that the author was a more complex person than the average member of the *soi-disant* "beat generation" he spoke for. After reading *The Subterraneans* (Grove Press, $3.50 cloth, $1.45 paper), I assured myself I was entirely wrong. Its 100 or so pages contain a quite literal typing jag ("by candlelight," the publishers would like us to know) about a romance between the narrator and a Negro girl. But I can't think when a subject has been so completely, so wantonly, betrayed by its language, when a writer has made so little effort to control his sentences. Almost nothing is served, created, or made precise. It is all slovenly burble, and it would be hard to decide which is the more consistently cliché—the language itself, or the affectations it is presumably there to celebrate.

What chiefly distinguishes the book is that urgent unrestraint which has become Kerouac's trademark, but which actually amounts to a parody (inadvertent, of course) of the sort of *earned license* Poe had in mind when he dreamed of a book to be called My Heart Laid Bare. This book, which some of our finest writers have been impelled to try, can be absolute, shattering, and beyond all laws of art or good behavior. The trouble is, the wrong people too frequently want to write it, and confuse mere wallowing with speaking "the black heart's truth."

When Baudelaire, Genêt, Fitzgerald wrote their testaments, the results were truth, and worth being shocked by. When Kerouac goes through the motions, the result is only jejune, and very boring. On page 17 of *The Subterraneans,* he cries out, "O the pain of telling these secrets which are so necessary to tell, or why write or live." I don't for an instance doubt his honesty, or his ego; it's just that—insofar as his written works reveal him—his secrets are so very commonplace.

But this is forgivable. A writer



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has to work with what the good Lord gave him. What is unforgivable is a writer who will not take the trouble to write as well as he can. *The Subterraneans* contains some of the most sloppy prose ever exposed to linotype. Kerouac should remember what Genêt—a very responsible and exact man with words—once said: "My victory is verbal."

Dollars for Socialism

FRANK CHODOROV

Socialists (or "Liberals," as they prefer to be called) are shrewd; capitalists (or businessmen), when they venture outside of the field of making things and money, are naive. And when the two engage in a joint undertaking, the former will literally talk the latter out of their eye teeth.

The author does not say so, but you cannot escape this conclusion when you read *Foundations,* by René A. Wormser (Devin-Adair, $7.00). In fact, Mr. Wormser is more than kind to the trustees of the Ford-Carnegie-Rockefeller Foundations, providing them with convenient excuses for their ineptitude in the handling of these monstrous tax-exempt funds: they haven't the time to investigate the characters or backgrounds of the persons to whom they make grants; they cannot possibly understand the double-talk in which the schemes of the grantees are clothed; they are not in position to assess the results of the undertakings they finance. Yet, the fact remains that they have been dumping hundreds of millions each year into the laps of schemers whose only purpose is to remake American society in the image of Marx.

This book is a very literate expansion of the findings of the Reece Committee, set up under the last Republican Congress to investigate the doings of foundations. Briefly, the findings resolve themselves into these conclusions: aside from the help provided by these funds to hospitals, churches, colleges, scientific research projects and other non-political endeavors, the trustees have unwittingly underwritten all sorts of schemes aimed at producing an intellectual climate conducive to the centralization of political power, to spreading a favorable attitude toward Communism, to denouncing anti-Communism, to "selling" the UN and internationalism to the American public, to promoting the nationalization of schools, to supporting labor union dictatorships, and in general to undermining American traditions, particularly the tradition of private property. Practically all of their activity is of a political nature, that is, attempting to influence legislative action, which is in direct violation of the condition of the tax-exemption privilege they enjoy.

Since the trustees are in the main men of business and therefore presumably opposed to socialism, how is it that they allow themselves to be so hoodwinked? The answer is simple: They know not what they do. Preoccupation with their private affairs (to say nothing of their lack of understanding) prevents them from delving into the "experimental" aims of the men who apply to them for large contributions. (All the requests are for large sums, because the trustees have too much money to distribute to bother with modest requests.) Hence, they are compelled to delegate their trusteeship to professional managers.

This is where the socialists come in. Being men of large vision, as demonstrated by their deftness with gobbledygook, they win the confidence of the naive trustees, and thus put themselves in position to determine how the money shall be spent. The methods they work out for keeping control of the funds are most ingenious. That they man their investigatorial and administrative staffs with like-minded people goes without saying. In addition, they manage to wangle out of the trustees large sums for the establishment of subsidiary foundations, more or less independent of the main body.

These interlocking arrangements go further. Since the universities are always in need of money, their presidents are not reluctant to take it with strings attached; the foundation earmarks some of their donations for specific projects, and it is not uncommon to find these projects entrusted to professors whose names, lo and behold, appear somewhere on the roster of the foundation's management. These "research" professors, of course, are inclined to the point

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of view of that management and their studies reflect its bias.

We cannot blame the socialists for taking advantage of these "capitalistic accumulations"; rather, we must credit them with sagacity and dedication of the first order, wherein moral inhibitions play no part. But what about the presumably responsible trustees? The best we can say for them is that they allow themselves to be hoodwinked because of vainglory. A very common characteristic of successful businessmen is to lose their zest for their occupation, which has ceased to be a challenge, and to seek recognition in fields for which they have neither talent nor training, but which seem to them to be of a higher order. In olden times this inclination found outlet in supporting men of talent, sometimes of genius; which was to their own good, for in making selections for their favor they had to have or acquire an appreciation of the work they sponsored. Nowadays the businessman may achieve vicarious fame without going to that trouble; he simply allows his name to appear on the stationery of some foundation. The mischief done by the foundation is not his responsibility.

Though Mr. Wormser's book is very illuminating and rewarding, one wishes that he had gone into the whys and wherefores of foundations *per se*. A book along these lines is sorely needed. Such a book would have to point out that the principal reason for these foundations (aside from the desire of the founders to perpetuate their names) is the tax-exemption they enjoy. There are some 7,000 foundations now in existence, but most of them sprang up after the Sixteenth Amendment was adopted. Apparently, rich men prefer to waste their money rather than give it to the government.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Reason of State?

WILLMOORE KENDALL

SUPPOSE you are convinced a) that there can be no Christianity without the Christian Church, and b) that the Church's survival is threatened by rising heretical movements. You may, says C. J. Friedrich in *Constitutional Reason of State* (Brown University, $3.00), react as he says the Jesuits do, and think yourself entitled to violate the Church's own moral law in order to put down the heresies; that is, you may adopt a "reason of Church" policy.

Or suppose you are convinced a) that your State is necessary to the survival of morality itself, and b) that it faces enemies, within or without, that threaten its very existence; you may, thinks our author, react like those in America today who are "excited about the Communist danger" (as he clearly is not), and think yourself entitled to "go to any length to defend the United States"—that is, adopt a "reason of State" policy. So the political theory of the modern constitutional State has got to pose for itself the problem, "Can you justify the violation of the law, when the survival of the legal order is at stake?"

Professor Friedrich, upon whose heart the problems of the modern constitutional State lie heavy, steps forward to straighten out our thinking about this—partly by conducting a scholarly song-and-dance through the work of the political theorists who have addressed themselves to the issue, partly by giving deep thought to it himself. One sort of knows, however, from the middle of page 1 or thereabouts, where he is going to end up—that is, striking a blow for what he conceives to be freedom.

Not, to be sure, much of a blow, because the enemies at whom the blow is directed do not exist. It simply is not true—the nearest parish priest could have told Professor Friedrich so—that the Catholic Church "has been prepared, since the days of St. Augustine, to take that horn of the dilemma which says that in fighting the enemy all bars are down, that while at war the laws are silent." Nor is it true that our Republic is today "rocked to its foundations" by a controversy along the lines that Professor Friedrich alleges. The question actually at issue between "civil libertarians" and their opponents is *not* whether the rights guaranteed by the Constitution are to be maintained, but the very different question, "What are those rights, and what does the Constitution authorize us to do in order to maintain them?" And this being, in all conscience, a difficult enough question already, anyone who complicates it by falsifying the issues is doing the nation a signal disservice. Especially since the persons on the American horizon who believe that "the State is the highest value" have, in your reviewer's experience, consistently ranged themselves on Professor Friedrich's side of this, the real controversy—and precisely because they recognize no competing high value (unless the UN or coexistence with the USSR) to which they could possibly subordinate themselves.

PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH'S major target, of course, is the internal security program, and the length to which *he* is prepared to go in fighting it may be gathered from his contention that the "objections recently raised against

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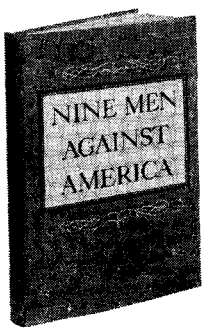

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the Fifth Amendment in the United States are very subversive, and should be stopped." As, I might add, the length to which he is prepared to go in doing his homework about such matters may be gathered from the fact that he spells the name of the author of the Internal Security Act, both in his text and his index, "McCarren."

The question Professor Friedrich—like other civil libertarians—refuses to face is: "Can we keep house with a (covert or avowed) Communist minority?" Some of us, in answer to this question, say "No; we must create a *constitutional order* that will somehow exclude the Communists." They—and this reviewer is one of them—flatly deny that the United States is committed to the "capacity of human beings to work together effectively by granting to each member of the Community a substantial amount of freedom . . . to search out the truth for himself. . . ." They—including this reviewer—deny that the United States is committed, through its Constitution, to the proposition that we "do not know the truth, except in comparative terms." They, and this reviewer, refuse to agree that while we "know that one proposition may contain more truth than another . . . we do not know that this proposition is final, and the presumption is that it is not."

We believe that the proposition "Communism is evil, and must be prevented" is final, and final precisely because of a "value" infinitely higher than that of "the State"—*this* State, or *any* State. And any time the "constitutional order" gets in our way, as regards combating the evil of Communism, we shall seek a change in the constitutional order—not for "reason of Church," or "reason of State" or " constitutional reason of State," but for reason of God.

The Upper Class in America

J. A. LUKACS

Philadelphia Gentlemen, The Making of a National Upper Class, by E. Digby Baltzell (Free Press, $5.75) is a remarkable and valuable book. It is remarkable because, strange as it may seem, this is almost the first scholarly book devoted to a systematic examination of what remains of the upper classes in American society. It is valuable because it is readable, often very interesting, containing many shrewd insights and general observations, and because sociology does not unduly clutter up its pages.

Though it may be said that, because of the peculiarly social rather than political texture of American history, America is the home of social history, it remains regrettably true that American social history is often written in a void. By this I mean that the mechanical practices of sociological categorization or, on the other hand, the habits of illegitimate generalization, have been leaving a broad imprint on the works of otherwise useful historians and sociologists. In this respect Baltzell's book is rather unique: though the author is a sociologist at the University of Pennsylvania, his book may prove to be an important source for American history rather than remain a sociological monograph of restricted scope. Meanwhile it provides its readers with many interesting, if not always significant, details about a *partly* unique segment of American society.

This adverb *partly* cannot, however, be emphasized enough. Ever since the thirties there has been a curious tendency among intellectuals and writers in this country to attribute to the remaining bastions of the American financial and social "aristocracy," particularly in Boston and Philadelphia, patrician elements of power and prestige which they no longer possess. Perhaps the most important portion of Baltzell's thesis is that, no matter how tightly knit the Philadelphia "aristocracy" is, its political power and, in some instances, even its social prestige have been on the wane for a considerable time now.

This is not the place to enter into the reasons for this decline in power and prestige; but it should be finally asserted that "aristocracy" in America ought never to be printed except within inverted commas. And this

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means the financial, industrial, social "aristocracy," even of Brahmin Boston, even of pre-1920 New York, even of pre-1940 Philadelphia. Baltzell is courageous enough to say, with Tocqueville, that the existence of a gentleman-class may well be one of the necessary prerequisites of a constitutional democracy; its standards and habits may well be strong obstacles against the disintegrating forces of civic cowardice, and against the inevitable conformism of unsure and essentially lonely individuals making up, in reality as well as in image, the modern phenomenon of "masses." But this salutary function depends, in turn, on a class remaining a class and not a caste.

The source of Baltzell's valuable observations is, therefore, his comprehension of both of these important conditions. Though *Philadelphia Gentlemen* has its share of sociological tables and even of some sociological jargon (the book, after all, grew out of a required dissertation written by its author some years ago), Baltzell manifests his personal sense of history when he quotes Disraeli, "man is not the creature of circumstances but circumstances are the creatures of men"—a quotation, Baltzell adds, from "an age less addicted to environmental determinism than our own." "The lesson of history, then," Baltzell writes earlier, "is one of the important bulwarks of freedom against an all-inclusive totalitarian power. A business aristocracy which hoards its privileges at the expense of power marks the decline of modern liberal democracy in the West."

PERHAPS the main source of Baltzell's understanding is that, unlike so many sociologists, he really knows what he is writing about. Since he is a gentleman, his judgments flow neither from the sour misconceptions of pedants coming from lower-class backgrounds nor from the often guilt-ridden misconceptions assumed by scions of rich industrialists when they try their hand at social literature.

Exceptionally shrewd are Baltzell's remarks on the American private school system. "There is a danger," he says, "that the exclusive American schools have imitated only the superficialities of the British school system." And he puts his finger gently but directly on that "curious blend of middle-class striving and aristocratic ideal of aloofness which makes up the modern gentleman's social code" as he quotes Benjamin Jowett: "It is most important in this world to be pushing; it is fatal to seem so." This priggish and philistine admonition, suggesting cunning rather than principle, ultimately failed to provide sufficient backbone for the upcoming governing class of Britain. It led to the sham Toryism of the Chamberlains. It was tried: and it was found wanting.

One wonders whether the newly forming and, by now, national American upper class of the mid-twentieth century will ultimately avoid, or whether it has already earned, this same melancholy judgment. At any rate, it is a pity, and perhaps even a national tragedy, that a truly patrician class in America did not really develop during the period of reasonably free enterprise; and that even in such places as Philadelphia, where the material of tradition existed, patriciandom was fragmentary, and not confident or spirited enough to remain an independent and important factor during the present era of the Welfare State.

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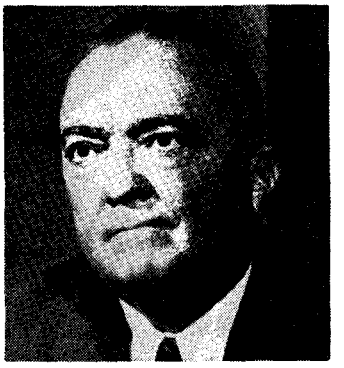

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

MASTERS OF DECEIT: The Story of Communism in America and How to Fight It, by J. Edgar Hoover (Holt, $5.00). Mr. Hoover gives us the story of Communist power and influence in the United States. The book is, as he says, "in almost primer form"—a simple, declarative history of a conspiracy which Hoover, unlike so many today, still considers "a clear and present danger." And that is the most important point in this most important book: that the Communist threat is not to be measured in numbers, and therefore the threat has not lessened simply because Party membership has. Open membership is for parades and petitions and other frills which are, at this point, quite unnecessary. Why parade for a summit conference? The Liberals will get one. Why petition for the release of convicted Reds? The Court will do it gratis. In any case, the real threat has always been the hidden apparatus which has never been broken or fully exposed and which, we must therefore presume, continues to operate under the direct control of the Soviet government. If anything, it must be working even better in this era of complacency about it. Mr. Hoover is a measured man. It is not a coincidence that he has chosen this moment to write such a book. For it has not been the *Communists* who have been driven out of government, but the *anti*-Communists. J. P. MCFADDEN

WE'LL TO THE WOODS NO MORE, by Edouard Dujardin (New Directions, $3.00). Tossed off in 1887 by a Parisian music critic, this brief, slight sketch about an amorous young dandy and the actress who gently eludes his advances one April evening is, in itself, barely more than diverting. What has established its place in international literary history, and earned it an English translation as well as an interesting preface by Leon Edel, is the casual fact that James Joyce was stimulated by its interior monologue technique as early as 1902, when he was still incubating the revolutionary narrative methods of *Ulysses*. From this acorn encounter, therefore, grew not only the mighty oak of Joyce's own *oeuvre*, but the rather less impressive grove of graduate-student-saplings who now appear determined to make a living out of "Joyce studies" for the balance of the century. An odd, dreary, and wholly undeserved progeny for poor M. Dujardin's original seed to have begotten. R. PHELPS

A WEEK END IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WEEK, by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Doubleday, $4.50). In square dancing the term "hash" is used when the caller improvises the figures as he goes along. Sometimes the odd combinations are fun, but there is no pattern to the quadrille and after awhile it becomes tiresome. One is reminded of such improvisations in Dr. Gogarty's later books, for they are "hash," a reworking of old themes interspersed with fillers from the American scene. This posthumous book follows the predictably declining sequence. There are the thrice-told tales, of his famous plunge into the Liffey, of Endymion and the Bird, of Dr. Talmey, of the ghost of Leap Castle, of the chronic medicals and so on. There are the familiar references to Moore, Yeats, Mahaffy, Joyce. Do-si-do-hash. It has been sad to watch the slow decline of Gogarty's talents, but a transatlantic megalopolis was no place for this eighteenth-century Celt. We shall remember his brightness even if this book adds nothing to the luster. And let it be said in all kindness that it does not. Of Yeats, Synge, Shaw, Joyce, Dunsany, he was the last. Fittingly enough, his body has gone back to his native Galway. R.I.P. F. RUSSELL

BRAINSTORMING, by Charles Clark (Doubleday, $4.00). Mr. Clark claims to have discovered a routine for stimulating the cerebral processes of committees by convincing them that it is a good idea to have ideas. R. P. OLIVER

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To the Editor

Challenging Mr. Evans

I shall not circulate or quote "Insubstantial Pageant" [March 15] by Medford Evans. It very neatly fits the thinking your own Mr. Wilhelmsen has called Gnosticism in that excellent article, ""The Bankruptcy of American Optimism" [May 11, 1957]. I cannot quarrel with Mr. Evans' partially valid theory (dittoed by Burnham at times) that the gliberal press and its parrots are too ready to believe when Moscow speaks. But I get understandably confused in his effort to fit or misfit the Sputnik facts to his theory, especially since I have personally observed both Sputniks on five separate occasions, at precisely the time and position forecast by the National Bureau of Standards at Boulder, Colorado. . . . I can assure Mr. Evans that the Sputniks are easily distinguished from aircraft with ordinary binoculars (flashing red, green lights are absent); jet planes appear to be traveling at a far greater speed; and of course there is no sound.

Denver, Colo. J. S. ELMORE

Mr. Evans Replies

If Mr. Elmore cannot quarrel with me about the press, then he and I have not much to quarrel about. Real or imaginary, the Sputniks were propaganda gimmicks—which could not have succeeded without the enthusiastic cooperation of the American press. Whether the beeping signals of October 4 were genuine or spurious could not, of course, be immediately determined; nevertheless, those signals were immediately rebroadcast *as genuine* by U. S. networks. That is more alarming than the Sputniks themselves, whether they be fact or fancy.

Mr. Elmore's own sightings might be more impressive if they had occurred less precisely on schedule. From Harvard Observatory it was reported by AP October 15, "Russia's satellite streaked across the sky about two minutes earlier than predicted today." Similar vagaries were frequently reported, as the primitive state of the astronautical art would lead one to expect. Nor does Mr. Elmore necessarily do well to eschew color. An AP dispatch from Washington October 7 said, "Twenty naval officers saw the Russian earth satellite change colors as it whizzed across Alaskan skies. . . . They said . . . they saw it change from red to yellow to white." Far be it from me to judge between Mr. Elmore and twenty naval officers. All I say is that one man's fact is another's man's unidentified flying object.

To return to the press, why was so little publicity given to the October 23 speech of rocketeer physicist Charles E. Bartley, who told a Redlands, California, university audience that the weight of Sputnik I was questionable (he quoted Soviet scientist Anna T. Masevich), that its launching could well have been a "fake stunt," and that the Russians "prefer propaganda to fact"? Why was so little publicity given to the statement November 11 by British Astronomer Royal Dr. Richard Van Der Riet Woolley that "the satellite is little more than a scientific gimmick" and "is nothing like as large or as heavy as we have been led to believe"? These men, to be sure, do not deny the existence of the Sputniks; they simply render incredible the whole banal mass of Sputnik propaganda. Thus disillusioned, some of us now feel that the burden of proof is on the affirmative.

Natchitoches, La. MEDFORD EVANS

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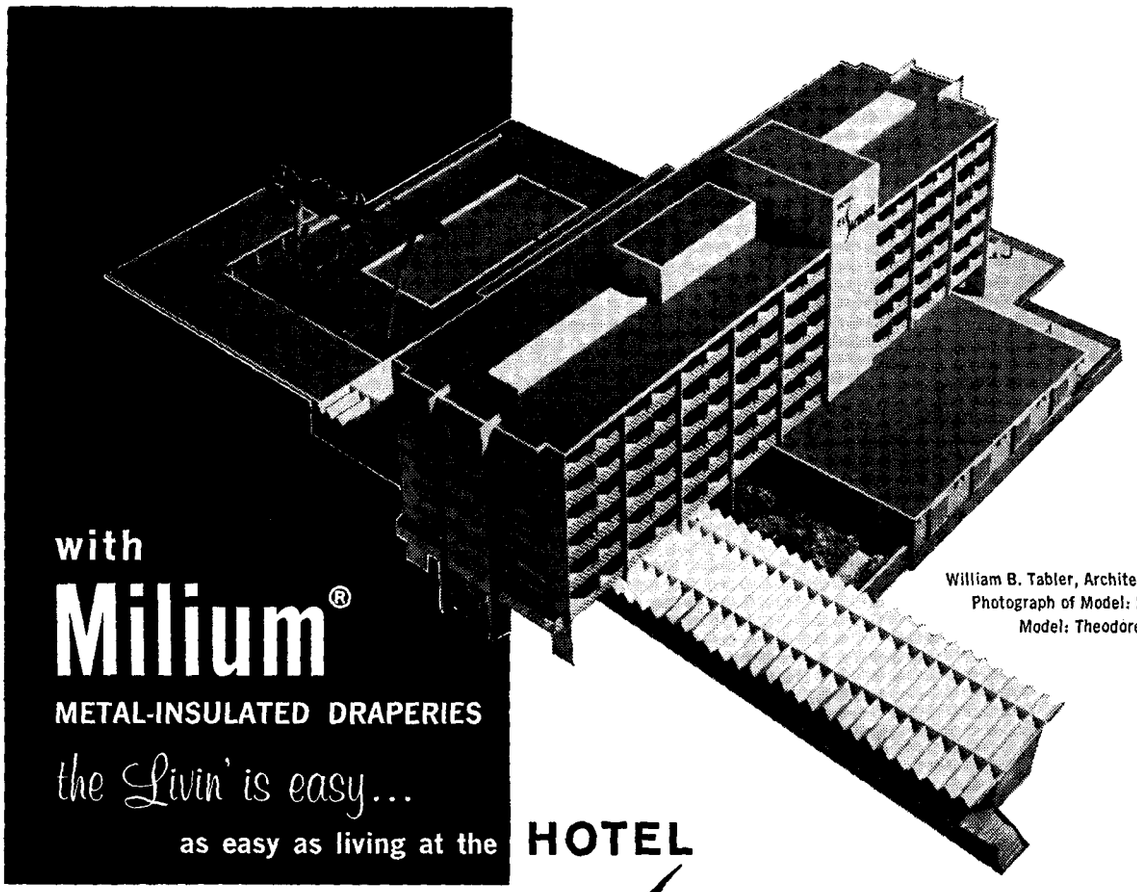

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